

the day will come (?)
when I can do neither,
and I can't imagine it:
when the girls stop knocking at the door
and the editors turn it all away
and all the critics say that I am
bad.

a death to live until death.

I am disgusted with the machinery of myself.
only young girls
rosebuds of girls
can help me forget.

see how nicely
I am getting it
down?

FIRING SQUAD

Mati Hari smiled into the throats of the rifles
as the birds sang
and the roaches climbed the walls
and people flushed toilets.
you can go into death smiling
and it can be a bluff or
it might be true.

every man there
wanted to mount her upon his soul
wanted to fuck her.

one of them did
but none of them knew
which one.

some climax.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA